Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*,
Bar. Say what is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A peece of him,
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,
Hora. What ha's this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* sayes tis but a fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
Hee may approue our eyes and speake to it.
Hora. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe awhile,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What wee haue two nights seene.
Hora. Well sit wee downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.
Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same starre thats westward from the pole;
Had made his course t'illume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe
The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off looke where it comes again,
Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler speake to it *Horatio*.
Hora. Most like, it horrowes me with feare & wonder.
Bar. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.
Hora. What art thou that vsurpst this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march: by heauen I charge thee speake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it staukes away.

Hora

Hora. Stay, speake, speake I charge thee speake. *Exit Ghost.*
Ma. Tis gone and will not answere.
Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more then phantasie?
What thinke you of it?
Hora. Before my God I might not this beleeue,
Without the sencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Isit not like the King?
Hora. As thou art to thy selfe:
Such was the very Armor hee had on,
When hee the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownde hee once when in an angry parle
Hee smote the sleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before and iump at this dead houre,
With Martiall stauke hath hee gone by our watch.
Hora. In what pert'cular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me hee that knowes,
Why this same strict and most obseruant watch
So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,
And with such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine marte for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-wrights, whose sore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might bee toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who ist that can informe mee?
Hora. That can I,
At least the whisper goes so, our last King,
Whose image euen but now appea'd to vs,
Was as you know by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a seald compact
Well ratified by law and Heraldry

Did

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